THE FALL HUNTING.

Gunners in Pursuit of Game Birds and Deer.

SPORT WITH THE JACKSNIPE

Advance Guard of the Birds Arrives From the North.

Puzzling Corkserew Flight of the Snipe -Advice About Shooting Them-The Hunting Season in Maine Under the New Laws-A Tip About Ruffed Grouse -Chance Shots for the Angler-Many Prairie Chickens Killed in September.

Flying out of the north behind the rain clouds of autumn and ahead of the icy winter storms, comes the jacksnipe, most elusive, puzzling, exasperating and satisfying of birds.

Far up toward the stars he travels, journeying only at night, and when his myriads oise for hours above some inviting marsh the air is tremulous with the wings. Out of the dark falls a sound like the humming of big bees in summer clover.

It is strangely pleasing in the solemn hush which it alone breaks, and the man hearing it wonders again at the marvellous instinct which brings the bird straight toward his winter home in a gloom wherein all landmarks are obliterated and he is obliged to make his way guided only by his sixth sense. For it is noticeable of the jacksnipe that he travels on black, stormy nights as well as on fair ones.

The snipe's habit of getting up and going without apparent sense or fitness makes the gunner eager to be after any snipe within reach. He never knows how long the sport will last.

The birds come as unexpectedly as they go, and the best of jacksnipe shooting is that which is had unexpectedly. The man out after other game finds his ears suddenly saluted by a harsh, raucous, rasping "Scape! Scape!" and his eyes are pleased by the sight of a small brown object zigzagging away at great speed.

He is surprised. He did not look for the jacksnipe to be down for ten days yet. He does not shoot, however. By the time his gun is at shoulder the snipe is fifty yards away and still rising and going fast.

Twenty vards further on another jumps from a spot almost within reaching distance. The gunner has plenty of time, is not at all surprised, brings up the double-barrel swiftly, but smoothly, and puts the ends of the brown cylinders just where they ought to be and-misses. As his finger pressed the trigger the snipe swung wide to right or left by a couple of yards and the shot passed harmlessly six feet from the speeding body. That is only one of the bird's

If the man goes on, as he will, the snipe will rise more and more frequently, and presently he will be in the centre of the pitch, probably a quarter of a mile from the place where the first one flushed.

Always at some distance from the main that the control of the pitch is a steady old retriever of almost any breed that has been well taught to stay at heel and to mark dead birds when body these outlying stragglers are found.

good shot who understands their haunts and habits may pick up a dozen in a day's tramp. He will have fun in doing it.

Snipe shooting at its best is rarely to be had in the East. The North Atlantic coast and the States which lie contigucoast and the States which lie contigu-ously to it are too thickly settled now. The bird is not overfond of civilization.

These birds on their annual pilgrimages

These birds on their annual pligrimages learn from the bitter experiences of years the parts of country where they are least likely to be disturbed, and the vast mass of them fly over and pitch upon the least settled tracks. Their favorite routes are along streams of big lakes whose banks do not contain many people. From those parts of the East where the towns are almost continuous they have practically disapcontinuous they have practically disap-

Formerly they were more plentiful along the Atlantic coast than elsewhere, but they have been driven gradually inland until now they fly in far greater numbers over the Western prairies. They swing back to the sea as they get southward.

In December and January they lie thickly

all along the coast from the Rio Grande northward to the upper line of Georgia. They are especially plentiful in the Mississippi delta below New Orleans and wet lands about the mouth of the

The jacksnipe is less subject than any other bird to the inroads of the market hunter. This is because the snipe is not to be shot sitting, except upon the rarest coessions.

There is one comfortable thing abo jacksnipe shooting, and that is he is a bird of decent hours. It is of little use to go of decent hours. It is of little use to go after him until the sun gets well up, because early in the morning and late in the after noon he is wild, rising fifty yards away and going far before pitching again.

When the sun is well up he has generally filled his crop pretty well and wishes to be quiet for a while. He will then lie more

closely and give the sportsman less excuse for the miss that is reasonably sure to

Another comfortable thing about it is that there are no logs to climb or hazel brush and briars to break through, as is brush and briars to break through, as is the case both in grouse and woodcock shooting. The marsh is heavy underfoot; the going is sticky and clammy and a man's boots pop when he pulls them up as if he were walking through wet clay. In time this begets a great weariness and ache of muscle; but there are no ob-structions in the air; when the snipe leaps he comes-into clear view and then, if the han fails to score, it is because the bird

han fails to score, it is because the bird ose at too great a distance, or the wind blowing too hard, or the powder is not hick enough, or the shells are old and ang fire a little, or the gun is dirty and beeds cleaning, or it does not fit, or he slips

just as the trigger is pulled.

The ideal jacksnipe country is an open marsh with three inches of soft coze making marsh with three inches of soft ooze making its surface, and little pools of brackish water a yard across scattered here and there. There should be clumpy grass growing a foot high, and between these clumps the snipe crouch when they hear an approaching footstep. The ideal day is bright and sunshiny with the air warm enough to make a man throw open his shooting coat, and a steady though not violent wind.

The man who knows anything about anips shooting will go with the wind in crossing the marsh. This is because all birds rise against the wind when they get the chance. The jack snipe does so invariably, and this brings the bird toward the shooter for the first few feet of his flight. Generally by the time the bird turns to go down wind and away the gunner has his gun to shoulder, and is in condition to get a quick sight.

sight.

If the snipe are lying fairly close they will flush within twenty yards. The initial spring will bring them within ten yards of will be well within range when the gun is

The jack is a hard bird to hit. To some stead of far out on the limbs.

Men it is the hardest of all birds.

After going forty yards or so along the line of flight he begins to inspect only those

bothersome in the extreme.

The width of the snipe's swings is about four feet, so it will not do for the man simply to aim at the space it covers or about the centre of it and let drive. The snipe is more than apt to be on the opposite side of his in set, when the spect goes by

air path when the shot goes by.

The gunner must in fact follow the bird from side to side with the muzzle; he must from side to side with the muzzie; he must always lead slightly, by enough to see the snipe to one side of the right or left barrel, whichever he intends to fire. If he does this and the bird is not more than thirty-five wards away, a kill will generally follow. It is failure to follow the swings and lead the bird a trifle that most shooters have cause

The straightaway flight with its zigzags The straightaway flight with its zigzags is, however, by no means the limit of the snipe's aerial acrobatics. Frequently he will go nearly straight up, spiralling like a pintail duck, only the spirals are much wider. Again he will take the wind under his wings when he springs and immediately dart to right or left, going in a wide, swift curve, with the zigzags thrown in for good measure.

measure.

Perhaps the hardest flight is his commonest. This consists in rising just far enough to get the air under him, say six inches above the grass clump, then a swift wheel and a flight slightly to left or right of a straight line, and never rising by more than just appropriate clear the grass.

line, and never rising by more than just enough to clear the grass.

So flying, the brown of the bird's back is blended with the brown of the grass clumps. It is hard to see and follow with the eye even when the eye is not glancing over brown barrels. Snipe, grass and gun with the young shooter, or the very old one, are apt to become mixed in one inextricable brown and the shot may pass five yards wide of the target. wide of the target.

It is difficult to undersand why Nature

It is difficult to undersand why Nature should have been at such pains to give the jack snipe so fine a protective coat, for the cover which he frequents would have been enough to preserve him even had he been differently colored. He has back feathers which are as well calculated to merge with old grass or earth as the quail's, and while his breast is speckled and more conspicuous it is never exposed except by some crazy individual that perches on a little hill in the marsh or on a bare clump and so stands within plain sight of everything.

This does not happen often. By his habit of flying at night and feeding closely in the day time, by the well covered places he frequents, by his feather coloration, his instinct to square like the quail and his speed and eccentricity of flight the jack snipe is the best protected of all our game buds.

The man who hunts the jack snipe must

The man who hunts the jack snipe must depend wholly upon himself, for no dog has ever been found of any special value. The bird is game, which is to say his scent appeals to the pointer, setter of the same of the pointer, setter of the same of th scent appeals to the pointer, setter or spaniel, just as does the scent of the quail, partridge or woodcock, and the pointer or setter ranging over the marsh will find snipe right along, coming to a stand immediately, but that does no good, for the bird will fly probebly before the man gets there and the chances are that he will jump one or two birds in going.

The spaniel of the cocker variety will find the snipe also and give tongue merrily, but that only warns the snipe to be mov-

they go down. This dog will prove of great assistance in bringing dead birds

They merely warn the sportsman that in a little while the gun will be almost too hot to hold.

In ordinary years the jacksnipe make their appearance south of Canada by the middle of September. By Sept. 20 they are spread down fairly well through the south as Massachusetts and there are many of them around the scattered ponds and small lakes in northwestern New York.

These birds are properly the advance guard of those which are to come later. They are not thick enough anywhere to make them a drug on the market, yet a good shot who understands their haunts and behits.

The south as described the sportsman that in a little while the gun will be almost too hot to hold.

Most men, even those of considerable experience, are inclined to overload in guning for snipe, as indeed they overload in the weeds too high for pleasant hunting and the will by drams of shooting. They will check up a 12-gauge with 3½ drams of smokeless powder, a lot of wads as stiff as steel and 1½ ounces of chilled No. 8 shot, and they get more kicks than birds. There are not many 12-gauges that will burn every grain of 3½ drams of powder, as any man may test for himself by shooting a gun over snow.

The snipe needs no such load, and any field shot, no matter what his peculiarities, will get better results by lightening his of the members of the most most of shooting a gun the property of the salling of the salling of the members of the most of considerable experience, are inclined to overload in the shooting now is not the bag, as the put together, but the shooting now is not the bag. At its best from the sport of the weeds too high for pleasant hunting and the weeds too high for leav

shot. No. 10's are big enough for Jack snipe in the fall on any day when they are not rising at unshootable distances. In the spring when the birds are tougher and the coats of feathers are heavier No. 8's

are better. are better.

The gunner must remember that the jack snipe, although he makes no thunderous buzzing or roaring like the grouse and quail, is yet going very fast, and a crossing bird at thirty yards must be well led with even the quickest of powders. If it is a straightaway bird it mustbe led by an inch or two in each of its swings.

The late Maurice Thompson used to contend that the only way in which to shoot

tend that the only way in which to shoot jack snipe properly was to wait until the bird had travelled from twenty to thirty yards. He had a theory that when the snipe had gone so far he steaded and be-

came less irritatingly wabbly.

There are two troubles with this theory:
One is that many jack snipe get up so far away that if a man waits until they have got twenty yards further he cannot reach them; the other is that they do not steady.

Their savings are just as wide and fast Their swings are just as wide and fast when they have gone a hundred yards as

when they have gone ten feet.

The way in which to shoot jack snipe is to hold the muzzle as well on them as possible, making proper allowance for the speed and distance of crossing birds, and let drive. If the shooter misses he may

find consolation in the thought that plenty of other men have done the same.

If he misses five straight he need not be discouraged or ashamed; if he misses ten straight he will still have within his acquaintance a man or two who have don badly on occasion; if he misses twentythat day, but he can still say to himself on the way: "This has all happened be-

THE RUFFED GROUSE'S PERCH. A Trick of the Guides That Sometimes

Puzzles the Amateur. Amateurs who go into the woods after ruffed grouse know that the birds light generally in trees after they are flushed, but they are puzzled to discover which tree. They take a line on the grouse's flight and follow it for 200 or even 400 yards, staring up into the maples, birches, spruces and hemlocks, but they do not find the bird and they wonder how it is that guides are able to find them and tumble them from

their perches all as a matter of course. The guides work in this way: They know that the ruffed grouse never goes so far as it seems to have gone; unless shot at, it will perch generally within a hundred yards of where it has flushed.

It gets well up from the ground and unless there is imperative reason to the contrary it selects a perch close against the trunk of a tree. Posetbly it does this because it is aware that the five of its coat matches well with the hue of the tree trunk.

Before it lights the ruffed grouse will swing to the left. There is positively no exception to this rule. If after swinging to the left it does not find a tree to suit it or any tree at all, it will go on until it finds one, but the leftward swing will be con-

So the guide who has an amateur with him finds flushed grouse time and again, while his patron is not able to find any. He follows the bird's line of flight, knowing that it has not gone more than a hundred yards and probably not more than fifty. He looks at the trees close to their trunks in-

of a straight line quite so fast as the quail, though, zigzags included, it covers probably more ground. To offset his slightly slower method of getting beyond harm's reach he flushes much further away than the quail, nor does he buzz directly away from the gunner in a straight line so that all the gunner has to do is to lift his gun high enough in the right line.

The snipe is broad winged, and his pinions are sharp. As he goes he alternately raises and depresses first one wing and then the other. This results in swinging him from side to side while he is darting forward, making a sort of corkscrew flight that is bothersome in the extreme.

The width of the snipe's swings is about four feet, so it will not do for the man simply to aim at the space it covers or about the centre of it and let drive. The snipe is more than apt to be on the opposite side of his air nath when the shot goes by.

It is a mistake to suppose that grouse.

habits and of woodcraft, but successful use of the rife requires a high order of marksmanship.

It is a mistake to suppose that grouse, even though high in a tree, will sit still until a man approaches openly and as closely as he cares to come. They must be stalked carefully, because they are keenly on the alert, with wonderful eyes and ears to aid them in detecting a foe.

It is rare that a man can get nearer to them than twenty-five yards, and they often fly when he is within fifty yards, provided they catch a clear glimpse of him. They will sit better if a dog is under the tree barking at them, because then most of their attention is taken up by the dog.

If they are shot through the body the meat is apt to be injured and especially the breast, much the finest part of them. Therefore, the sitting grouse shot with the small rifle should be hit through the head. The head of a grouse at twenty-five yards, besides being of an inconspicuous color, is no larger than a nickel, and the man who centres it has made a cracking good shot. centres it has made a cracking good shot.

EASY SHOTS AT PRAIRIE HENS. Tens of Thousands of Them Killed in the September Shooting.

The first rush of the shooting is over in the States which permit the killing of prairie chickens in September. There have been slaughter has been tremendous.

It is, of course, impossible to get accurate estimates of the number of chickens killed during the first three weeks of September but it runs into the tens of thousands. They are slain literally by the barrelful and are often shipped eastward from the slaughter grounds in barrels, several men in a party uniting to fill the barrels.

The States which contain chickens and sell licenses to gunners seek to limit the number which may be killed by one man but there is constant effort to dodge this restriction, and, in many instances, it is successful. Many a man who pays \$25 sport for an indefinite period, and this for a license in Minnesota or the Dakotas, and is permitted under it to carry out twenty-five chickens, ships fifty, either recognized by all who are familiar with under the name of some friend who has a the wilderness conditions. Not only does license but no birds or else under the name | the game need protection against many of somebody else who has a license and does of Maine's residents and along the Cannot propose to use it.

There is a general report that the chickens are not so plentiful as in the past, but that is not to be wondered at. No bird is hunted harder.

The season has been good for breeding.

No part of the chicken country has been drought stricken, nor have there been disastrought floods. There are fewer chickens, because the bird, hardy, strong winged and fecund as it is, cannot bear up against the enormous yearly assault of the guns.

There will be fewer next year and the

year after that and so on until it will be as hard to make a score of a dozen pinnated grouse in a day as it is now difficult in most regions to make a score of a dozen woodcock.

More prairie chickens are killed in September than in the eleven other months

will get better results by lightening his charge. The limit for shooting of this kind should be three drams of powder, two pink-edged wads and an ounce of the fool hen or spruce grouse, which not the fool hen or spruce grouse. body shoots. He is a tyro indeed who cannot do better than two out of five on cannot do better than two out of nive on prairie chickens in September, and with a good team and good dogs a man may cover so much territory in a day that he will get enough shots to swell his bag, even with that proportion of misses.

When the frosts have taken down the green and the block are wilden and have

grass and the birds are wilder and have attained their full strength of wing, shoot-ing them will be a different matter. Then three out of five day in and out will be a good score for anybody. As the chickens now are there are plenty of men who will

BRUIN FOND OF PARTRIDGES. Hunters Tell of the Luck of Bears in Search of Tidbits.

LACHINE, Canada, Sept. 19 .- Joe Beaudouin was sitting beside the water, not very far from his fire, preparing dinner. The breasts of four plump partridges lay in a frying pan upon the log behind him. The guide was skinning the onions which were to furnish the flavoring to the stew he had in anticipation.

Possibly the pungency of the onions distracted his attention and accounted for his failure to notice the approach of a marauding enemy. But the fact was that when he had washed the onions in the lake, and turned about to take up his meat, there upon the log was his pan still, but, alas! his pan only. Where the tempting little partridge breasts had gone was a problem

The solution was probably to be found in the direction whence proceeded a sound of breaking boughs. And thither hastened Joe, his woodland instincts leading him to take his axe along with him.

A few steps brought into his range of ision a rascally young bear, a fine enough animal in its way, which was, with manifest delight, crunching the bones of his choice young birds as it lounged along. The bear quickly paid the penalty of its impudence. When the other hunters returned they found Joe complacently frying a very say

ory dish of bear's liver and smoked bacon with his onions. The guide was reminiscent over the after dinner pipe that night. Three years before he had been still-hunting for partridges, an accident with a bear trap having deprived him of the services of his trained

As he was creeping along in a promising place he heard the unmistakable flight of partridges into a tree. Dashing up to the spot he dropped two fine specimens from the branches with his double-barrelled

Then to his surprise there cantered away from the foot of the tree s big black bear which had been acting a setter's part for him and the birds. Following the obliging beast his attention was attracted by the chattering of an old cock partridge, which, perched in an old stub, was scolding away, as though quite put out by the tactics of the same bear.

Again Joe fired and killed his bird, and again he noticed that the report accelerated the flight of the bear, which he did not care to pursue further since he audded.

ated the flight of the bear, which he did not care to pursue further, since he suddenly recollected that his cartridger all contained No. 8 shot only, and as he naïvely said:

"I seed him was going right straight for where my bear trap was set anyway, and tree partridges was plenty for one meal for me 'lone."

It is doubtful if there is another case on record of a bear being used for stalk-

on record of a bear being used for stalk ing purposes in the place of a cocker A day or two later the party had further proof of the partiality of Bruin for partridges. To save trouble one fortunate shooting day, a goodly bunch of birds

trees which stand a few yards to the left which had been shot were left upon a of the line. He pays no attention at all to stump, to be picked up on the way home. which had been shot were left upon a stump, to be picked up on the way home. Warned by the quick eared and sharp sighted guide, on their return the men approached cautiously near enough to where they had placed the game to enable them to see an old she bear crouching beside the stump chewing away at some of the birds, while nearby her youngster stood upright tossing in the air, and playing with another partidge in a very kittenish manner. The frolicsome antics of the cub probably saved the lives of the two bears, for the amused hunters contented themselves with scaring the intruders away.

away.

It will readily be believed, however, that the ever alert partridges are not often secured while alive by such comparatively clumsy hunters as the black bears.

One of the party, a man of wide experience. declared that on one occasion a bear sprang suddenly from among rocks into the midst of a covey of young birds, and secured one of them right before his eyes. Another had seen a crafty bear steal up, keeping a tree trunk between him and some partridges lesting on a rotten log until near enough to bring down his heavy paw upon enough to bring down in the bird nearest to im.

MAINE'S NEW GAME LAW.

Non-Resident Hunters Required to Pay a Tax of \$15 This Fall.

KINEO, Me., Sept. 19 .- The opening of the fall hunting season in northern Maine is this year awaited with special interest owing to the fact that the new law, which imposes a tax of \$15 on all non-resident hunters, goes into effect. Some of those who have business interests here predict a decrease in business owing to the new law.

The fact remains, however, that Maine needed some such law. There has been discussion over the form it should take, but there has been general agreement that Maine's appropriation for the use of the Commission of Inland Fisheries more men in the field after them this fall | and Game, \$25,000, is barely sufficient to than in any previous year, and the aggregate; provide for the fish propagating industries, to say nothing of furnishing needed warden service; and all those who are familiar with Maine realize that the future of the State is largely dependent upon

the protection of its big game. The money to furnish this protection was not forthcoming from any other source. Therefore a hunters' tax was regarded as a necessity. To be sure, the new law may keep out a certain class of visitors.

The question to be considered is not the immediate results, but the future. It seems possible to protect the fish and game of Maine so that they will provide is what the law aims to do.

Maine's need of game protection is adian border, but in the past some of her visitors have required constant watching. The killing of moose and deer has gone on not only in summer, but in winter, and on not only in summer, but in winter, and with the small force of wardens at its disposal the State has been practically powerless to stop this.

The discoveries of the two new wardens are the discoveries of the two new wardens.

assigned to the Canadian border in anticipation of the increased revenue expected from the new law are not surprising to those who know what has been taking place there, and the finding of the remain of twenty-two moose in one place is but one of the proofs that may be found in many districts to show what havoc the hide hunter has wrought. Pete Fontaine, the notorious poacher, who was shot last year by Game Warden Templeton, was only

year by Game warden rempieton, was only one of many poachers; yet it is known that he sold thirteen moose to one lumber camp for meat in a single winter.

Maine has failed in the past to realize that she needed most of all protection against herself. She has looked afar off for poechers when they were close at hand; she has attributed much killing of game to visitors when it has been done by residents. tors when it has been done by residents.

As a plain business proposition, the fish and game of Maine are among her greatest industries. Over a thousand guides rive a living from them, and hundreds hotels and sporting camps are dependent upon them for a revenue. In addition to all this there are supply dealers and hun-

dreds, if not thousands, of other people who seldom see a dollar that does not come directly or indirectly from visitors. And last and best of all is the income the railroads derive and the service it is possible to give all parts of the State because of it.

The new law provides that it shall be "un-lawful for any person not a bona fide resident of the State and actually domiciled

therein to pursue, take or kill any bull moose or deer at any time without having first procured a license therefor."

It further provides that "all money received for such licenses shall be forthwith

paid to the State Treasurer, and then expended by the commissioners in the protection of moose and deer, under the direction of the Governor and Council; provided, however, that the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game shall have authority triadust and pay out of the funds. authority to adjust and pay, out of the funds received for such licenses, for actual damage done growing crops by deer; provided, further, that the Governor and Council shall have authority to allow the Commisioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, out of the funds received for such licenses and fines, such compensation as they may deem just and fair for additional work required of them in carrying out the provisions of this act."

GUNNING FOR THE ANGLER. Game Birds He May Have a Chance to Pot While Fishing.

No angler who cares for the crack of powder should go fishing upon a woods lake these days without a shotgun in the boat. Fishing may be bad, but whether it is bad or not he is likely to pick up several kinds of game, lending zest to his outing and variety to the camp table.

Wild rice in September always contains things worth shooting. Its growth is the home of all sorts of water fowl. Though not every lake in the woods contains wild rice.

still the angler may have sport. Anywhere among the bulrushes he is likely to jump a clapper rail, and a half dozen of these little fellows, easily approached and easily killed, though not easily retrieved, make a meal fit for any epicure. Often, too, he will see floating out just beyond the edge of the rushes or weeds a bird that sits low in the water and is of a bluish color.

He will think that it is a mudhen, probably, and shoot it, expecting to skin it first, parboil it, then cook and eat it. When he picks it up he will still think it a mudhen because it has the mudhen color and much of the mudhen shape, though it is slenderer. Looking further, however, he will find that its legs are longer than a mudhen's, or, indeed, the legs of any bird that does its feeding wholly while swimming.

The most distinctive mark of difference will be the feet, which are not webbed as are the feet of the mudhen and ducks. This bird will be the rice hen, so called, termed by others the water chicken and by the French poul' d'eau, really one of the most delicious of all wild fowl, surpassing in flavor almost any of the ducks and as far ahead of the mudhen as can be. In flavor it is much like the rail, though

richer, and one is enough for a city man's meal. There have been people who have shot rice hens and thrown them away, under the delusion that they were mudhens and, therefore, fishy, but those were very un-fortunate people who probably will never know what they have missed.

Even the lake whose shores are barest of cover will contain some sort of game in September. It would be impossible, indeed, to find anywhere in the woods at this time of year a body of water a hundred acres in extent without it. Sometimes the fowl will ask no more for shelter than a small group of lily pads

almost flush with the water and seemingly too small to afford shelter for anything above them. Yet out of them will come

swimming at the boat's approach or rise without a sound five or six small ducks that in size and build look like teal.

without a sound five or six small ducks that in size and build look like teal.

Generally they are shy and will rise at fifty yards, unless the boat is driven stealthily with a paddle, or drifts down on them with the wind, but if the angler has dropped his rod and held straight enough to get one he will have a welcome addition to his fare.

Most amateurs unversed in ducks will take the little chap for a teal. It is of the teal size and shape, but it has neither blue nor green feathers in its wings nor any cinnamon hued feathers, the marks of the three varieties of American teal. Its breast, too, is lighter than the teal's, a very light gray, and its back is a darker brown. The upper mandible is hooked over the lower at the tip, and along its edges in the mouth are small serrated edges.

over the lower at the tip, and along its edges in the mouth are small serrated edges.

This duck is one of the varieties of merganza, cailed by sportsmen sawbills on account of this serration. It is plump and apt to be fat. Though it catches many minnows and chubs, being especially deadly on chubs, it will not if skinned taste of fish at all. It has then a fine flavor, the genuine wild duck tang, and no expert could wild duck tang, and no expert could tell a slice of its breast from a slice of pintail or gadwell.

At almost any time of day teal are likely

At almost any time of day teal are likely to whistle over, or walking sedately down a bare log that lies with its lower end in the lake will comea fat grouse for its drink, and it may be knocked over before it knows that there is such a thing as a gun in the world. Cedar birds are thick, too, about the cedars which grow on the banks of lowlying waters, and sandsnipe flitter along the shores temptingly.

It often happens that a man who goes out for bass in the clear, quiet September air will get home at night with a goodly catch of them, having in addition specimens of most of the feathered game of the woods. Somehow memory of the day will be much more satisfactory if he can recall that the gun went off a dozen times or so.

ADIRONDACK HUNTING.

Deer Harder to Kill Just Now in the North Woods Than They Were Formerly. FULTON CHAIN, N. Y., Sept. 19 .- For about three weeks now the open season for deer has been in progress, but still only a comparatively small number have been

taken. The reason is not hard to find. All over this part of the Adirondacks for two or three seasons past the saw and the axe have been doing their work and much of the large timber has disappeared. In its place has come a thick undergrowth which affords a better protection for deer, and in fact for all wild animals, than the heavy timber.

This seems to mean that the late season will be the best for hunting deer, for with the tangles of young branches that are found in very large areas in, this locality it is next to impossible to get a fair shot at deer. The best hunters in this part of the State have in most cases deferred their sport until later, when the frost will have taken off the leaves and there will be a bit of snow on the ground.

Of course by going back more deeply into the woods beyond Seventh Lake and to the east of Twitchel Lake deer are to be found in the primitive forest in goodly numbers, but it is not the easiest thing in the world, once they are killed, to get the

bodies into camp.

This is so ething which the hunter thinks little about, at least until he has killed a deer five or six miles from his camp or lodge. Then it will dawn upon him that

thurting deer in the wilderness is not all that it is cracked up to be.

In this region it is becoming more and more difficult for persons to take deer illegally. The guides are all members of one or more associations for the protection the average hunter to get into the woods and get deer without the help of a guide, it can readily be understood what difficulties confront those who would like to pot-hunt or hound deer.

FIRST BEAR OF THE SEASON. Bagged by Farmer Avery, Merely as a Matter of Precaution.

ANDES, N. Y., Sept. 19 .- The first bear of the season in the Catskills, a fat 250counder of fine coat, was killed by Farmer Abram Avery of Maltby Hollow, Ulster county, last week. Farmer Avery declares that he did not bag the bear because he cared particularly about getting it, but merely because his children were making a great deal of complaint about its interference with them in the woods, where they were in the habit of going to play.

The bear had been hanging around the locality all through the berry picking season, and was also in the habit of coming impudently to the Avery premises and helping itself to garden stuff and fruit. This Avery did not regard as a reason for doing away with Bruin, for he had plenty of garden stuff, and fruit was simply going

o waste in his orchards. but for the past fortnight the bear had, according to the way the children looked at it, trespassed on their play preserves with hostile intent, although Avery was of the belief that it was really there to enjoy

he frolics of the children. A few days ago, though, they came hur-riedly home with the report that the bear had growled and shown its teeth at them, and so Farmer Avery abandoned his theories and, as a matter of precaution against future possibilities, got a bear trap, set it, and the next morning found the bear in it. He shot the bear, but declares that he hated like everything to do it.

A MAINE FISH STORY Of a Trout That Persisted in Being Hooked

Four Times in Succession KINEO, Me., Sept. 19.-Every fisherman who visits Maine hears the story of the famous tame trout Ed Grant of Beaver Pond once owned-the fish that finally fell into the water and was drowned. This season a rival to Grant's trout has been found and its discoverers solemnly declare that there is not the same element of mythology in its history.
This fishwas taken by Robert Sturdevant
of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and S. E. Innes of the

ame place vouches for the story which While fishing off the log boom in Long Pond, Mr. Sturdevant caught a trout and, not wishing to kill it, returned it to the water. The trout, however, did not go down, but after remaining on the surface for a time turned and again took the fly A companion of Mr. Sturdevant's took the persistent fish off this time and tucked it down into the water which lay between the logs. But the fish managed to wriggle out into the open and a third time made for the fly, a third time was hooked and a third

time was thrown back.

This time the fish appeared a bit confused and swam in circles for a while, but finally got its bearings, came for the fly, was hooked and again thrown out into the lake several Not unnaturally it died after this

DOE WAITED TO BE SHOT. Unger Saw Her, Berrowed a Gun and

Came Back and Killed Her. ANDES, N. Y., Sept. 19 .- Fred Unger, a Bleecker teamster, was driving early on Monday morning on the Gloversville road, when he saw a large doe come out of the woods a few yards ahead of his team and begin grazing at the roadside.

Unger had passed a house some distance back. He stopped his horses, and as he was getting of his wagon the doe looked up at him in a wondering way and then resumed her grazing.

Unger hurried back to the house, where he borrowed a gun. When he got back to his wagon the deer was still cropping the grass at the roadside. She heard Unger as he came back, raised her head and gazed the birm, but made no movement to excess the control of the control

BUT THEY ARE NOT LIKE THOSE IN DIME NOVELS.

Their Purpose Is to Conceal Marked Phys ical Peculiarities—Cross Eyes Straightened, Broken Noses Repaired, Tattoo Removed-A Philadelphia Specialty.

"I've been hounding for something like quarter of a century now and have covered trails all the way from Schenectady to Shanghai and yet I've never seen any of those whiskers-and-goggles, wig-and-backhump disguises of the sort that are employed upon the slightest occasion by the hist-Eureka, lightning-change sleuths of the Hearthstone Pal species," said a veteran detective of the Headquarters staff. "And it's the same with all of the Headquarters detectives. They don't know what a makeup box looks like.

"It's the crooks themselves who do the disguising, but even they don't go in for such effects as pink siders and grease-paint wrinkles of the Gaspard-the-Miser kind. The toppy crooks, men and women, of the present day spend a good deal of their time in trying to get away from their rogues' gallery muggings and their Bertillons.

"They don't have any truck with the foolish junk forming the disguises commonly described in the detective yarns. They go in, instead, for the eradication or covering up of their most pronounced characteristic of feature, shape, gait or manner.

Every crook put through the mugging process and after that Bertilloned has some peculiarity that stands out-a squint or a stare, a sidewise nose or a hooked one, flappy ears, a broken finger, ragged teeth or unusually good ones, a characteristic walk or way of using the hands; some sort of kink whereby he is marked and spotted by the headquarters men who look him

"As it is the habit of the detectives to lay particular, almost exclusive, stress upon these peculiarities in identifying crooks, the crooks go to all sorts of trouble and expense to effect a shift in the giveaway peculiarity. I know of a sparkgrafter -he's now doing a four-specker in Sing Sing for working a little game with the sleepy drops-who went all the way to Japan to get himself fixed out.

"Eight or ten years ago this gem grafter stood for a pinch in Chicago, along with four other fellows with whom he was working. He squealed, and was turned loose for passing evidence to the State. The other four got two spaces each.

"The first thing they did when they were let out of Joliet was to hunt up their former pal who had peached on them, not to kill him, but to brand him. They got him down in New Orleans, put him out, threw him into a hack, and drove him to a plant that they had fixed. Then one of them tattooed a big blue 'S,' for 'Squealer,' on the peacher's right cheek, and he was turned loose with that mark on him.

"He'd already been mugged several times in New York. He kept the 'S' covered up with a kind of flesh tinted grease paint of a kind of heat actors use. But the next time he was snagged in New York he was kept in his stall for a couple of days before being remugged, and by that time the grease paint had worn off the 'S' and, of ourse, the brand went into the picture.

"The spark grafter was turned loose after being photographed with his brand, there being no evidence against him sufficient to convict. He immediately set about to get rid of that big tattoo mark.

"Now, the Bertilloned crooks have a mand grafting rid of tattoo marks on their way of getting rid of tattoo marks on their arms and other covered parts of their bodies, but this plan isn't feasible in re-moving tattoo marks from the face. They dip toothpicks in milk and pick away at the 'attoo marks until they soak up the ink. When the prickings of the toothpicks heal, the ink has disappeared, but the scar from the toothpicks is always left.

with the 'S' brand on his cheek to use the milk and toothpick scheme on his face. for that would only have left a big 'S' scar instead of the blue 'S' on his face. The crook found out that Japanese tattoo artists have a scientific plan for removing tattoo marks without leaving the slightest scar, and he went all the way to Japan to have the job done.

"He came back with that right side of

his face as clean as the other side, and, as his face as clean as the other side, and, as he was a man with no other distinguishing personal characteristic, he worked in and around New York for several years without any of the Headquarters men spotting him. They didn't, in fact, spot him when he got his last four-specker for the knockout drops frameup until he was stripped and looked over for Bertillon comparisons effor his arrest.

after his arrest.

"Then they found certain physical characteristics that identified him with his Berteristics that identified him with his Bertillon chart that was already on file, and then they picked out his several photographs from the mug department and recognized him easily. They had to put the right side of his face under a strong glass before they were able to trace the 'S' from which the Jap had removed the ink without leaving any visible scar.

pug, who died in poverty on the Bowery a few years ago, gave the pickpocket the cauliflower ear. The dip went after Goss's super one night in a Bowery gin mill. Joe got wise to the move while it was coming off, and he handed the dip the ear.

"It's a wonder the blow didn't kill the crook. The ear had more crisscross corrugations and flanges and extra lobes than I ever saw, and it made the dip a mark through a fog for all hands.

through a fog for all hands.

"It caused him to be chased out of the punkin fair grounds, even by the fine-cut constables of Iowa hamlets, and for years at a stretch he found himself getting pinched. every twenty minutes, so to speak, all on account of that bulgy and outstanding

"Then he went to one of the map-"Then he went to one of the maps smoothers and had the ear made over into as slick-looking a new one as the one on the other side of his head, and when, on top of this, he raised a spread-eagle mustache and a goatee he was a new moll-buzzer and copped the merchandise for a long time before he was yanked here and compared with his Bertillon chart.
"Several years ago there worked down." and compared with his Bertillon chart.

"Several years ago there worked down at the Battery a Dago grafter—phony money-changer—who had the worst case of mixed signals on record. His lamps were of a deep mazarine color, but they were so crossed that the only way he could get a cinder in his eye while travelling was by riding with his back to the engine.

"His lookers were so involved that you "His lookers were so involved that you felt the hoodoo when you saw him half a block away, and you immediately hustled to a telephone to ask your wife if the house had burned down or if any of the kids had

developed whooping cough or scarlet fever since you left home that morning. "When Castle Garden was done away with and the Headquarters bunch began to watch the shinplaster and Brazilian bond shovers down around the Barge Office, shovers down around the Barge Office, this duck went into the second-story line, and the first time he got pinched for a job of that kind he threw a surprise into the Headquarters' staff. He had the cutest pair of big baby-blue lamps that you ever looked into, and they were as straight as darning needles. The crook had made a big dig to have a famous Vienna oculist unravel the kinks out of his eyes, and when he got back to his stamping ground he could chew a toothpick at the corner of Fortieth and Beeway and chuckle when the fly cops rubbered past him.

the fly cops rubbered past him,
"Squash-nosed or broken-nosed crooks
used to be as common as raids nowadays

on old The. Allen's Sixth avenue place, but you don't see many of them any more. There's a Philadelphia face doctor who makes a specialty of straightening noses and the crooks all know his address and go to him when they need his work.

"But they never do that until after they've have murgaed with their headen noses."

been mugged with their broken noses.
After their portraits are on file, however, they hike down to the nose-fixer in Dreamtown, and when he gets through with 'em they're able to flash their new Greek or Roman profiles, sometimes for years before

they are nailed.

The worst hard luck story I know of is that of a porch-climber with a hipponose who paid \$500 to the Philadelphia remapper for an Athenian proboseis and then had it spread all over his face again by the fist of a night watchman just three days after he had returned from the next-Thursday, weak town on the Schuylkill.

days after he had returned from the next.
Thursday-week town on the Schuylkill.
"Not many months ago a stool pigeon rave away to the office a check-kiter for whom several warrants were out in New York, and who would never have been corralled if the stool pigeon hadn't come to the front, so scientific was the make-up of the scratcher of the bad paper, who had been mugged a dozen times.

of the scratcher of the bad paper, who had been mugged a dozen times.

"This crook jumped New York more than two years ago, when the fire under him began to throw out too many sparks, but of course, he couldn't stay away. He knew, however, that he'd get the grab as soon as he hit the New York cobblestones if he didn't de let of fairs. "He was a medium-sized, somewhat slender man, with a bald head and a rather

we brought him in, after the stool pigeon had clucked on him, he looked like a brownis, "He wore one of those pneumatic stomachs affected by the knockahout variety stage comedians, and his clothes were neatly tailored around this aldermanic construction." construction. He wore on his bald head a good brown wig. He had pumped with a needle under the skin of his face a prepara-

a needle under the skin of his face a prepara-tion, which swells the flesh of the face with-out damaging the hide very much, so that his inflated cheeks were a good match for his Falstaffian superstructure.

"He made a very interesting looking pudge, all right, and when he was brought in he might have been taken by even the ald hards as a member of the Jolly fat in he might have been taken by even the old hands as a member of the Jolly Fat Men's Club who had come down to head-quarters to complain about his bank roll being copped by a satchel squeezer. When he was unravelled, however, he was the same old Jack that we had been wanting, except for the needle-puffed jowls, and he's making brushes now up the river."

HUCKLEBERRY FARMING.

It is Easy Enough, but It Sometimes Leads to Unexpected Results. CHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 19 - Kin huckle-

berries be cultivated?" said a native of the Shawangunk Mountain barrens district, where the huckleberry is the principal product, and where the last run of the season's "black cracker" crop is just being gathered in. "Why, there ain't nothin' so easy to cultivate as huckleberries. "The huckleberry farmer don't need to

own an inch o' land, but if he kin git title

to one surego brimstun match he kin put

a thousand acres under cultivation to huckleberries quicker'n you kin spade up an onion "How? Well, I'll tell you. He takes his match and goes out on the hills some nice day, either early in the spring or late in the fall. He strikes his match on the leg of his trousers, tetches it to the dry

leaves on the ground, and, whizz! away goes the cultivator "If some unconsiderin' feller citizens that happens to have cord-wood, hoppoles, railroad ties, bark, timber, and setch stuff layin' in the woods don't turn to and meddle with it, the cultivator 'll sweep over miles o' kentry, and besides fittin' it for the huckleberry crop 'll make a tarnation pooty sight fer folks to look at nights. They call it fire in the woods, but shucks! it's jest the huckleberry farmer cultivation

the sile. "A big stretch o' woods and setch things as I mentioned as mowt be layin' in 'em is liable to be swep' away, and I've knowed barns and mills and houses that stood in the way o' this branch o' agricultur' to be turned into potash fertilizer by this tillin',

but they hadn't orto been where the huckle berry farmer was workin. "After the cultivator has run through a patch the farms looks like heaps o' ashes, but after 'while up comes a thick bed o nothin' else much but huckleberry bushes no matter what growed there before, and

by and by the farmer gethers his crop.

"There's a law ag'in this sort o' cultivatin', I've heerd, and I've heerd, too, that some folks is talkin' ruther strong about j'inin' together to enforce it. If setch is the case, I'm afeered that either the cultivatin' o' huckleberries 'll be apt to git a little set-back, or that they'll have to add consider'ble to the jail to 'commodate the buckleberry farmers that stands

date the huckleberry farmers that stands up fer their rights. "There's somethin' else besides huckleberries that's a particlar interestin' and promisin' crop on them farms, 'specially on the black cracker plantations. The black crackers is the huckleberry that comes late and stave with us till the fall, and if they had as much flavor to 'em as they have seeds they'd make a pineapple think there wasn't no more taste to it than there is to a hook-neck

A casily. They had his face under a strong guarantee able to trace the 'S' from winder a strong garantee and the series of the crooks who start out to make the shift in their looks. The biggest and most hopeless looking cauliflower ear that I ever saw was worn for a dozen years by a leather worker, a Cockney, who's now doing a long space in Portland prison, England, for dip work at the English fairs.

"Old Joe Goss, the onetime champion be died in poverty on the Bowery agave the pickpocket the line went after Gose's line mill. Joe in mill. Joe i berries, and I never heerd o' none of emeatin' any berry pickers.

"The blue racer is a glib insect, and kin kiver more distance in a little time than anythin' shogt of a streak o' lightnin' that I ever see or heerd on kin, consekently I never made many of 'em bite the dust. But as for rattlers, I've been herryin' up yonder on the barrens more times than a few when if I could 'a' got as much a cuart

few when if I could 'a' got as much a quart fer rattlesnake rattles as I could fer huckleberries, I'd 'a' made more apickin' rattles than I could apickin' berries.

"If you should happen to be travelling" through the Shawangunk deestricts any time for a month yit you'll get black crackers with milk sot out to you, but a cordin' to my idee, you mout jest as well pitch in and gobble a sasser o' glass heads. But there's one thing about the black cracker that lifts it 'way up as a poplar favoryte with me, and that is, it draws bears. It draws bears, and it fatters bears, and it makes their pelts shine like a Rooshy iron stovening in the sup.

and it makes their pelts shine like a noosy iron stovepipe in the sun.

"Yes, yes! And there's somethin' like seven thousan' acres o' huckleberry 18stur' for bear layin' easy to reach up there on the barrens, and when the weather gits a leetle cooler, and bear fur gits a leetle thicker, I have it sorto' in my mind that I know where there's goin' to be some fun 'twixt me and my dog and a bear of two. 'twixt me and my deg and a bear or two, and it ain't goin' to be more'n a hundred miled from where you kin see that big hummock hunkin' its back to'rd the clouds



